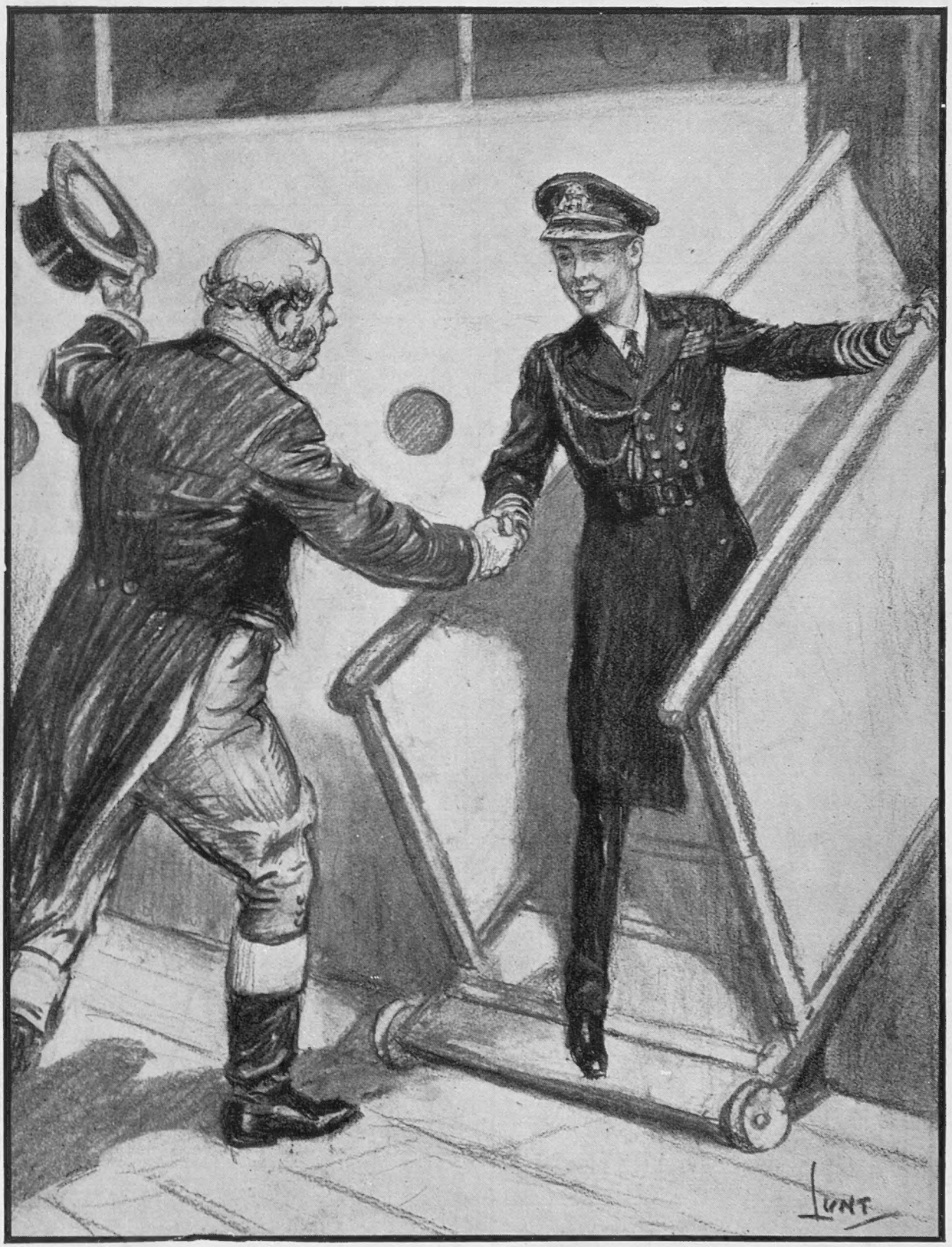
The Bystander, October 26, 1921 No. 934. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

"AU REVOIR!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "UNCLE GA-GA," MISS MAGGIE TEYTE, GAVRILLOV, BEATIE & BABS, BLANEY & FARRAR, T. ELDER HEARN, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH.
Evenings at 8. Matinées, Weds. & Sats. at 2.
W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates, Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat, Barbara Roberts, Sylvia Leslie, Grace Glover, Misquette and Maxly.

COMEDY. (Ger 3724). "ARAMINTA ARRIVES."
Every Evening at 8.30.
LADY TREE, E. LYALL SWETE, EILEEN BELDON.
Matinées, Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.

COURT. (Ger. 848) "HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
A New Play by BERNARD SHAW.
Every Evening at 8.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "SYBIL"
JOSÉ COLLINS, and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Gaiety Revue Success PINS & NEEDLES
With MARIA KOUSNEZOFF.
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Mon., Wed. & Sat., at 2.15.

GARRICK. (Ger. 9513). Nightly 8.15. Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 2.15.
RUBY MILLER and ALL STAR CAST.
"THE EDGE O' BEYOND"
By Gertrude Page (Authoress of "Paddy the next Best Thing").

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
"WOMAN TO WOMAN"
Arthur Wontner. Wilette Kershaw.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834). THE CO-OPTIMISTS
in a Pierrotic Entertainment in 2 Parts.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS., MON., WED. and SAT., 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. 2.30.
"THE SPECKLED BAND."
Lyn Harding, Mary Merrall, H. A. Saintsbury.

PURE SILK MILANESE UNDERWEAR AT Pre-War Prices

DURING the last few years Milanese Silk Underwear has been extremely fashionable, but of late it has been so expensive that many Ladies have been compelled to give up wearing it. For the coming season we have designed a number of attractive garments in Milanese, and shall sell them at prices which are very little in advance of those prevailing in pre-war days.

Pure Silk Milanese Vest and Knickers, thoroughly well made from excellent quality materials that can be strongly recommended for really good wear. Vest with hemstitched band, perfect fitting, full length, medium size. In white, pink, sky, yellow, mauve, and black.

VEST, special price, **15/9**
Super quality, **25/6**
KNICKERS to match, new wide shape, **18/9**
Super quality, **29/6**
Sent on Approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter).
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SPECIALLY REQUIRED.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand.
Secretary—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

THE HEART OF BEAUTIFUL SURREY (newly opened). A Stately Georgian Mansion with oak-panelled lounge, furnished to appeal to those requiring a refined home midst the most beautiful surroundings. Situated 10 acres charming grounds within five minutes both stations. Gas fires bedrooms, electric light throughout; billiards; ample garage accommodation; close proximity noted Golf links.
Tariff:— "THE RED HOUSE" Residential Hotel (Ltd.), LEATHERHEAD.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy. Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Your Hair will look Better, will be more beautiful, longer and finer by using

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

It will keep your Children's Hair always in good condition: Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes: **3/6, 7/-, 10/6.**

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Soothes, Preserves and Beautifies the Skin, prevents Irritation and Cutaneous Defects and is warranted harmless, in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles. Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLAND'S,** 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1

Has your weatherproof ever come back "white" looking after cleaning?

—with an obviously "cleaned" look about it. In this condition it soils and gets dirty quicker than ever. But with the unique Franco-Barbe process, which cleans first, then re-tints to the original fawn shade and finally reproofs—it is restored in appearance and colour as when new—with not the slightest "Just been cleaned" look.

Typical Charges
Ladies' Weatherproofs—Cleaned, Re-tinted and Re-proofed - **8/6** & **9/6**
Gentlemen's Weatherproofs—Cleaned Re-tinted and Re-proofed - - - **9/6**

Goods returned boxed and post paid.
Alex. Kennedy & Sons Ltd.

Post your Weatherproof to-day for this inimitable Franco-Barbe treatment to Dept. B.W., Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow, and ask for the interesting magazine price list, Fleur-de-Lys, free and post free.

Castlebank Dyeworks
ANNIESLAND GLASGOW

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Prince Sets Sail Once Again

To-day the Prince of Wales sets sail for India. Far as he is going, he can never travel beyond the reach of the loving and loyal good wishes of all whom he leaves behind him here. Far as he is going, he will still be welcomed "home" by loyal and loving subjects of his Royal father, for the home of the Prince of Wales is as far-flung as the boundaries of the British Empire. It is but a short rest that the Prince has had after his recent long tour in various parts of these great homelands of his, and we can never fail to bear in mind that it is in the service of them all that he cheerfully leaves home and family—in the closer sense of the words—and undertakes the fatigues of long and continuous travel in all climes and seasons. Nor do we forget the cheerful self-sacrifice of that home and family, who welcome him back only to see him depart again. The whole Nation bids him Godspeed, and will follow him with their hearts until he sets foot again on England's shore.

Rah-rah-wi-gas-dah

I have just been reading the petition to the King of the Indians of the Six Nations, in Canada, who fought on our side in the American Revolution and against the French in Canada. But it is not of their grievances that I propose to write a few words. The pamphlet reminds me of a Chief of the Six Nations whom I knew very well, as did many other Londoners at the end of the last century and during the earlier years of this—especially Londoners who did not go to bed very early o' nights. This was the sculptor, Percy Wood, who, when quite a young man, went out to Canada to put up a monument to the memory of the Braves of the Six Nations who were killed fighting for England. Our Government made a grant of captured guns to be melted down and cast for the statue. The Six Nations were so pleased with this that they made Wood a blood brother and a chief under the name of Rah-rah-wi-gas-dah, the meaning of which I have quite forgotten.

Honour to the Great White Queen

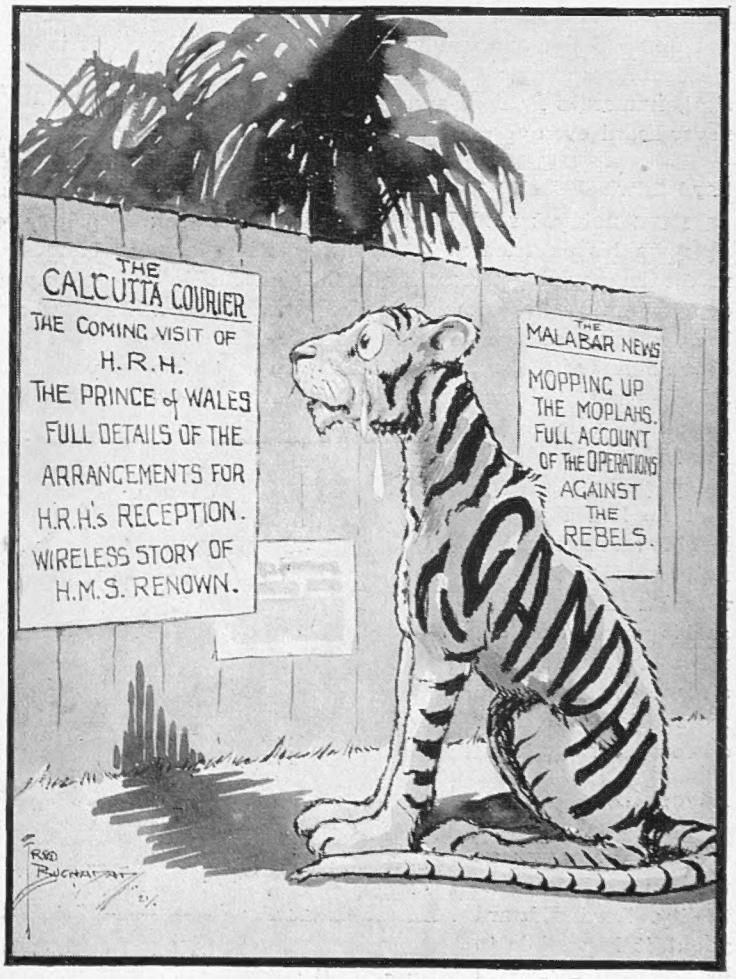
Only once did Percy Wood make any use of his chieftainship. This was at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, when he had a letter written to the Colonial Office announcing that the Chief Rah-rah-wi-gas-dah of the Six Nations had come to do honour to the Great White Queen and asked that he might be afforded facilities for seeing the procession. In due course he received an invitation and cards for two splendid seats in Whitehall.

A Striking Figure

He also received invitations for other functions, such as receptions and a banquet on the night of the Diamond Jubilee celebration. To these he made no reply, and had some little trouble in dodging official emissaries who came to search for him. But they never ran Rah-rah-wi-gas-dah to earth. He witnessed the procession clad in full Indian costume, from feathers to mocassins—a presentation from the tribe—and his striking figure attracted a good deal of notice even that day both in Whitehall and in the restaurant where he dined that night.

A Little Club in Regent Street

Wood was a man of great ability and wonderful charm of manner. For some years before he died he was the genius of a little club which had its premises in Regent Street. With the exception of an old butler, once a servant of Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, and as great a "character" as the poet himself, the club had no servants, save an occasional



READING! By Fred Buchanan

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

and invisible cook. Members helped themselves to refreshments and put the money or a chit into a box, if the old butler was not on hand. At the House Dinners members wearing white jackets acted as waiters, and guests who did not know the custom were often surprised at the familiarity of the waiters with their employers and distinguished visitors. Lord Roberts, General Sir George White, the present Bishop of London, and Sir James Barrie are names of notable "guests of the evening" that occur to me at the moment.

"Mr. Barrie" Makes a Speech

IT was here that I first met Sir J. M. Barrie, and heard him make a speech. Indeed, I think that it must almost have been the first speech he made in London, for I remember that about that time, Sir James, then Mr., Barrie, of course, was the despair of all those who ran banquets and invited lions to roar at them. This, however, was not a banquet nor a public affair. It was a private cricket supper. That day Mr. Barrie's famous XI had defeated the Club on a ground not far out of London, and in the evening, when supper was over, Percy Wood proposed the health of the victors coupled with the name of their captain. It was entirely as a cricketer that he was eulogised. Barrie got up to reply, and, smoking his pipe the while, talked for, perhaps, twenty minutes in the most whimsical, humorous fashion, and with a charm I have never heard even approached by any other speaker.

By Victor Hicks

OH! THOSE SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES!

Lord Edward Cecil

I HAVE not yet read Lord Edward Cecil's book upon his experiences in Egypt, but it should reveal the charming personality and brilliant intellect of a man very little known to the general public. This, unfairly enough, is often the case with some of the ablest of the servants of the Crown who serve abroad—and "do not advertise." An Anglo-Egyptian, who knew Lord Edward well for many years, tells me that he had the most lovable and sweetest of natures. His brain was as quick and as bright as his person was tall, thin and untidy. He was a man of keen wit and more than a match for all comers at repartee.

A Week Late for Dinner

HIS one amiable weakness was an unconquerable unpunctuality. Lord Edward found it impossible to be punctual for social engagements. People always made due allowance for this, but on one famous occasion no reasonable margin would have sufficed. Lord Edward once arrived for a dinner-party with the proud consciousness that he was only twenty minutes late—his pride was soon dashed—he was exactly a week and twenty minutes late.

See "G. E. C."

IF you don't know "G. E. C." you must certainly know of it after the lavish reviews of the fifth volume of the new edition of it last week. My own surprise is that the reviewers could exercise so much denial, for instead of a column, you could fill a page with good stories from *The Complete Peerage*, which is known for short as "G. E. C." after the initials of its original compiler, the late Mr. George Edward Cockayne, the father of Lord Cullen. "G. E. C." originally appeared in eight volumes between 1887 and 1898, and become so rare that it ran up to £30 and more. The new edition, brought up to date by "G. E. C.'s" nephew, the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, brother of Lord Aldenham, was begun in 1910, yet even with the additional help of Mr. H. A. Doubleday, it managed to reach Gwydir only last year. It costs £3 13*s.* 6*d.* a volume, but as it is far more entertaining than twenty ordinary novels, it is cheap at the money.

The Duke and the Chicken

JUST take "G. E. C.'s" story about the 4th Lord Gwydir, who reached the greatest age, ninety-nine, ever recorded of a peer. As a boy of ten he sat in the gallery of Westminster Hall, at the coronation banquet of George IV. As he got very hungry his young cousin, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, seized two portions of chicken, and wrapping them up in paper threw them into the gallery where young Gwydir caught and wolfed them. He played croquet till he was ninety-seven. Some of the notes are as pungent as Tabasco, as when the 1st Lord Grimthorpe, of Big Ben fame, is described as "too overbearing to be socially agreeable."

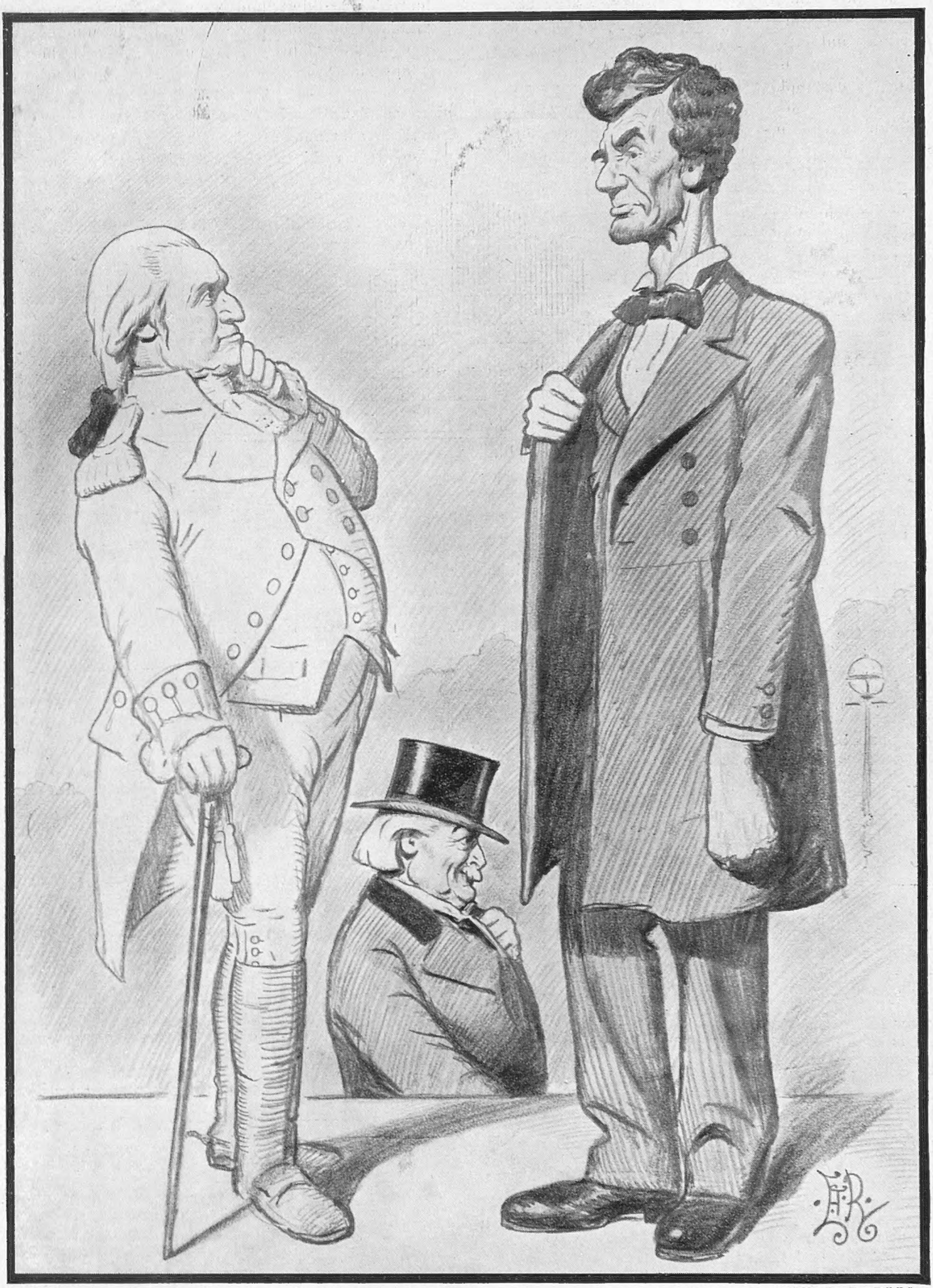
MULTUM IN PARVO By W. E. Wigfull

NURSE L. G.: "Bless the child! I suppose I'll have to find room for it in the pram somewhere"

"Alice in Motorland"

OUR next issue will include a special supplement, profusely illustrated, entitled "Alice in Motorland." It will give original and informative news of the motor show at Olympia and White City. Car-owners and prospective buyers should not miss this.

The New "Abolitionist"



BY E. T. REED

ABE LINCOLN *(Parliament Square) to General Washington (Trafalgar Square)*: "Say, General, if that small man with the confident smile—and President Harding—can only 'prohibit' the sale of intoxicating (newspaper) articles on both sides, and go for the 'abolition' of our 'slavery' to historic distrust, he'll deserve just an out-size in statues, sure!"

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Who ranks as Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, will be A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales during his Indian tour. He is the youngest son of the Marquess of Milford Haven, and he was with the Prince on his Australian visit last year

Photographs *Lafayette*

ACCOMPANYING THE PRINCE TO INDIA

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY — CAPTAIN THE HON. HERBERT MEADE, D.S.O. — SURGEON-COMMANDER A. C. NEWPORT, M.V.O.

Sir Lionel Halsey, who is Comptroller to the Prince's Household in England, will be attached to his staff during the Indian visit, and Captain the Hon. Herbert Meade, the brother of the Earl of Clanwilliam, has been appointed to command H.M.S. "Renown," which sails from Portsmouth to-day. Commander Newport is personal medical officer to His Royal Highness

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Great Mission

By the time these lines appear in print the Prince of Wales will have started upon the greatest of his missions—the visit to India. Originally the visit was planned to follow the triumphal progress through Australia and New Zealand, but it was speedily found that the rapturous welcome "down under" was imposing a strain upon him which called for a halt, so all the arrangements made were cancelled, and the visit postponed until this autumn.

The importance of the Prince's going to India cannot be exaggerated. As the eldest son and heir of the Kaiser-i-Hind he will make a special appeal to the loyalty of His Majesty's Indian subjects. We know the personal appeal the Prince makes wherever he goes. The double appeal is essential in India at this moment, where insidious propaganda is at work striving to undermine the native loyalty to the Throne.

Great Indian princes are hurrying back from Europe to take part in the gorgeous ceremonies the Indian Government and the native States are arranging in the Prince's honour. I hear that the Prince's suite anticipate less physical fatigue for him in this Indian visit than he was called upon to undergo in Australia and New Zealand. The Oriental does not press upon the object of his admiration and shake his hand vigorously, nor does he express his enthusiasm by full-throated cheering—both happy and delightful signs, but both physically wearing when repeated for days on end.

The Prince spent his last days before joining the *Renown* very quietly at York Cottage with the King and Queen, and beyond his motor being bumped into by a motor-cycle and sidecar had no excitement.

Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Prince's second cousin, has been appointed his *aide-de-camp*, and Sir Lionel Halsey again goes as a sort of director-general. I doubt if the Prince would undertake any of these great journeys without Sir Lionel, whose tact is equal to any emergency.

Photograph *Central Press*

ON THE TERRACE

Mrs. Wintringham, M.P., the new Member for Louth, walking on the terrace of the House with Lady Astor, M.P. The former succeeds her husband, who died in the House of Commons some months ago

Royal Economy

The announcement that the King will not race the *Britannia* next year will be received with the keenest regret and disappointment, not only in yachting circles, but by all who are interested in sport. His Majesty is forced to make this decision because he cannot afford to fit out the famous cutter "owing to the great need of economy."

The deprivation means more to the King than it would to most yacht-owners, for he is a keen sailor, and in this last year of difficulties the only times he has been free from the cares and burdens of State have been when he has been racing his own boat. The expense of a racing-yacht like the *Britannia* is, of course, out of all proportion to the number of times she is sailed in the year, but it is particularly hard on the King that he should be forced to withdraw from the leadership in a national sport.

Dispersal and Disposal

THE tale of dispersal and disposal still goes on. In one and the self-same week Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" have been sold out of Grosvenor House—where they have hung for over a hundred years—for, it is said, £200,000, and Cassiobury Park, near Watford, the seat of my Lord Essex, has come into the market.

It is all very well for people to howl and say—as one hears so often—that our great folk should *not* sell family treasures and old family seats. But if you or I had £200,000 worth of pictures hanging on a wall, or a country place of great value because of its closeness to London, shouldn't we hurry off at once to the Duveens of this world and the auctioneer?

Perhaps if these sales go on the Government will bring in a horrible tax they used to have in Vienna. If you sold any of your possessions you had to pay a percentage of what you got to the State.

Photograph *Topical Press*

A LADY FARMER

Lady Victoria Murray, who is a sister of the Earl of Dunmore, owns and runs a farm near Macclesfield of over 300 acres. She is seen with her champion prize-winning golden retrievers

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE BORDER UNION COURSING MEETING

Recently held at Whinfell, Penrith, was productive of some first-class running, and attended by some keen followers of this sport. Included in the above are Lord Lonsdale and his brother, the Hon. H. B. Lowther, the Earl of Sefton, Mr. P. Noble, Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Blundell, Major Hugh Peel, Mr. J. Bell-Irving, and Sir Robert Jardine

A Disappearing Type

THE War and all the changes that have since come about have swept away one type of man without which no big country-house used to seem complete. That was the man who, during the season, came under the heading of "professional diner-out." During the rest of the year he spent most of his time visiting all over the country. He was, naturally, a man of leisure; but more often than not only of moderate means. In fact, a good many of the type relied upon a long round of visits to balance their year's expenses.

We all know the type—amusing, tactful, able to play the piano, sing, perhaps, always willing to help a hostess to get up amusements for her guests, or a host in arranging a shoot; invariably easy and good-tempered and ready at any moment to make himself useful. Some were tame cats in great houses; some, with more character, were a sort of confidential adviser. To the newly rich starting out on a social career such a man was invaluable: he could show them how, and help them, to get what they wanted.

The type had every gradation, from the man who liked fluttering from house to house, giving amusement and entertainment in return for an atmosphere of circumstance and *bien aise*, to the man who took commissions from the tradespeople he recommended to

Photograph **VERY RURAL** *Miss Compton Collier*

Mrs. John Lambton, who married the elder son of the Hon. Frederick Lambton, the brother and heir presumptive of the Earl of Durham, in 1919, with their little son, John, in the beautiful grounds of Morden Hall, Hampshire

Photograph OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN ENGLAND [*Bassano, Ltd.*

A special group taken of the American army officers who formed the guard of honour when General Pershing placed the Congressional Medal on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior last week

Photograph *L. N. A.*

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

The Hon. H. R. C. Balfour, fourth son of the late Lord Kinross, and Miss Dorothy Chetwynd, a niece of Viscount Chetwynd, who were married at St. Margaret's Church last Thursday

forebears, so it needs neither advice nor assistance. Likewise, the younger generation of women, when they can entertain, like to arrange the details themselves. They can't understand the attitude of their mothers and grandmothers, expressed in "Let us ask dear Mr. So-and-So. He will arrange everything — besides, he will always give us some music after dinner."

The pianola and the gramophone have made "dear Mr. So-and-So's" talent upon the piano a superfluity. Conditions to-day have made his whole existence a superfluity. Between you and me and the pillar-box round the corner I think it is just as well, because the type of "Dear Mr. So-and-So" was not "fully meet to his hosts and hostesses. Now the type has entirely vanished. I heard only the other day of a man whose brilliant conversation made him a welcome visitor in houses literally from Land's End to Sutherland, and who spent at least six months of the year in visiting, living alone, and uninvited anywhere, in a bed-sitting room in St. James's.

He was of the best type. As for the others, the new generation—when it can live in its ancestral homes—can't run things on the scale possible to its

Photograph *Topical Press*

A WEDDING GROUP

The reception after the wedding of Miss Eileen O'Keeffe to Captain Gerald Pilleau, M.C., at Christ's Church, Shooter's Hill, at the house of the bride's father, Major-General Sir Menus O'Keeffe, of Hazelwood, Shooter's Hill. Burglars entered Sir Menus' house on the eve of the wedding and stole much valuable jewellery, including the bridegroom's present to the bride, a diamond and ruby brooch. Left to right (sitting): The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Pilleau, the bride, the bride's mother, Lady O'Keeffe. Back row: The bridegroom, Major General Sir Menus O'Keeffe (the bride's father), Sir Robert Baird, uncle of the bride, and the best man, Captain Drew

be admired"; in fact, whatever his degree he was literally a "cadger" for his bed and his board.

Mystery of a Mud Bath

Now that people are coming back a story is going round—brought from a foreign watering-place where mud baths are part of the cure—concerning a certain lady whose dictatorial manner is a handicap to her popularity.

She was taking the mud baths at ————. Now the system is this. There are two rooms. In one you undress; in the other are two long baths, one filled with brown mud, the other with water. You sit in the mud for half an hour—it is exactly like sitting in a warm chocolate pudding—then you get into the clean water bath. When you have finished and are returned to your dressing-room an attendant pushes the mud bath, which stands on a sort of tramway, to a *grille* in the bathroom wall, slides back the *grille*, and empties the mud into a sort of shallow well.

One day a strange thing befel the dictatorial dame I have mentioned. Accompanied by her daughter and her maid she went to have a mud bath. They waited in the dressing-room for the prescribed half-hour, but no summoning bell sounded from the bathroom. After a few minutes they ventured to look into the bathroom. The mud bath was unoccupied; the clean water in the other bath was unsullied.

Alarmed, the daughter rang for the attendant. The woman could throw no light on the mystery, for mystery it was. Her dictatorial mother was missing! There were only two exits from the bathroom—one into a narrow passage used only by the attendants, the other into the dressing-room, Wherever she was she had no clothes. for they were all lying neatly folded under the daughter's eye! It was grotesque! A somewhat large lady could not vanish into space—or even anywhere else without her clothes.

The Wrong Bell-Pull

THE whole *établissement* was searched thoroughly, but never a sign of the lady! Then the manager came. The daughter was describing the situation to him—the little group standing in the bathroom—when she noticed a movement behind the *grille*. Rushing

Stock Exchange Celebrities

No. II.—THE GOVERNMENT BROKER

MR. "JACK" MULLENS, one of the nine trustees and managers of the "House." The innocent emissary of much vital news to the Stock Exchange, when, on Thursday, he announces the Change or "No Change" in the Bank Rate, the cause of rife gambling amongst revered members and many hoarse howls of derision when it "ups" and cheers when it "downs"

Stock Exchange Celebrities

BY "JONK"

No. II.—THE GOVERNMENT BROKER

Photograph] GENERAL SMUTS AT A WEDDING *[Topical Press*

General Smuts was one of the guests at the marriage of Sir Pierre van Ryneveld, Director of the South African Air Force, to Miss Enid Collard, of London, at the Dutch Reform Church, Cape Town. Above, General Smuts with the bride and bridegroom

to the bars she saw on the far side of the well into which the mud was shot what appeared to be a leviathan gollywog. It was her revered mother!

And this is what had happened. At the bottom of the mud-bath was a stool, which, if you sat upon it, kept your neck and shoulders out of the mud. The dictatorial lady apparently missed the stool or slipped off it on to the floor of the bath. At any rate, she splashed and flopped about, and in the process got her hair and face covered with mud.

When the time was up she rang the bell. But two bell-ropes hung over the bath —one for the woman-attendant, the other for the man who looked after the mud. The bespattered lady pulled the wrong rope. In bustled the mudman, and, seeing no head in the bath, only what he thought was a large lump of mud, and all the floor dirty and splashed (this from the lady's floppings) he ran the bath along its tramway, opened the *grille*, tipped up the bath, and shot its petrified occupant into the well! Then he filled the bath with fresh mud, swabbed up the floor, and went his way.

Photograph *Topical Press*

NAVAL WEDDING AT CAPE TOWN

Lieut.-Commander Alan Hyde-Smith, of H.M.S. Dublin, leaving the English church at Cape Town, under the crossed swords of officers of the Naval Station, after his marriage to Miss Yvonne van der Byl, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Voltelin van der Byl, of Kennelworth, Cape Town

Photograph *Collings*

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

The Hon. Frederica Somerset, the second daughter of Lord and Lady Raglan, whose engagement is announced to Commander Bertram Hughes-Hallett, Royal Indian Marines, and second son of the late Colonel Wyndham Hughes-Hallett of the Indian Army

The Autumn Opera Season

THERE was a time when musical folk — of the very superior, hypercritical kind, *soit entendu*—would have jeered at the possibility of an English opera company singing Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Bizet Puccini, and Verdi in English at Covent Garden. Further, they would have derided the suggestion that such performances might attract the audiences which, in the days of *the* Opera, filled Covent Garden with glitter and social distinction.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has shown "the rogues they lied." The first week of their eight weeks' season has been a brilliant success, and now that we can no longer afford to pay the big Continental singers the hundreds upon hundreds of pounds they demand for the pleasure of hearing them our own singers have a chance at last.

This autumn season at Covent Garden has come as a boon to those who really care for opera and have been deprived of it for so long, and it likewise affords those who like to show off their pretty clothes in a big setting like Covent Garden a golden opportunity.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS MILLICENT ORR-EWING

Whose wedding will take place shortly at the Brompton Oratory to Mr. John F. R. Reynolds. Miss Orr-Ewing is the only daughter of the late Major J. A. Orr-Ewing, who was killed in the Boer War, and Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing, sister of the Duke of Roxburghe. Mr. Reynolds is the son of Lieut.-Col. Sir James Philip Reynolds, and is a Liverpool cotton broker

His Royal Highness

Photograph *F. A. Swaine*

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Who to-day sails in H.M.S. "Renown" for India as emissary of the "King-Emperor"

ON AND ION

A Rancid Story of Ancient Greece

By "BLOSSOM"

LONG years ago, when Greece was a kingdom for longer periods than six months, there lived a poor Shepherd Boy named On, who, though not a preposition as his name would imply, had claims to be prepossessing. He lived an impecunious life upon the rocks, whence he watched his sheep while they grazed on the pastures of the lands around.

It was not by chance, but by special arrangement with the author, that the King's daughter, Ion, came upon him one day. Beautiful she was and passing fair, though the other maids of the court modified the statement somewhat and said she was but fairly *passée*.

She rushed up to On, who, of course, was not mindful that her only offence was Rank, and asked:

"May I see your lambs? I simply love to watch them gambolling."

And as On was Greek he had not the opportunity of making the obvious pun. Instead of which he consented in silence, much struck by her abnormal beauty.

"By Zeus," he said, partly to Zeus and partly to himself, "she is comely withal"—and also made mental reservation as to her comeliness without.

"You seem lonely here," she said as she gazed languidly at the horizon, which in those lands reached as far as the skyline.

And he replied, with that truth which is born of simplicity, "I am always lonely except when somebody comes."

And so, with promises to return, Ion left him.

So it was that Ion and On gave their hearts to each other. They often met, and he would delight her with songs, her favourite being, "I'll bring the Seeds of Caraway."

But when the King, her father, heard of this he was wroth.

"Never shall my daughter marry a vulgar wage-earner," he said, and incidentally relieved his feelings by repeating what seemed to be the middle voice of all the Greek irregular verbs. Then an idea struck him. The sublety of it pleased him. He would send On far away into the mountains, and so that he should not entertain in his heart the possibility of marrying Ion, he would explain that she had suddenly died and was buried in the desert, where the hot winds had out-pussyfooted Johnson—and dried up the land. There, too, he built a grave so that the doubting On might have circumstantial evidence of the truth of his statement. To Ion he gave a similar explanation, and she, poor girl, imagined that the desert grave, which her father had had made—contained her lover. At which she could not contain herself. Sad she was, like Dado, on the wall, looking for her Æneas.

And each year these two lovers went to weep over the grave which they believed to be the other's. But they never met. Yet the tears they shed were so many that the barren earth became fertile, and in time a plant grew which increased in the usual biblical progression thirty fold, sixty fold, yea, an hundred fold.

Indeed, so many fold did it become that it became worthy of a name. And what better name than that of the two lovers On and Ion? In this way Onions were given to the world, and for centuries have made their silent and tearful appeal to those whose unpleasant duty it has been to read the inner secrets of their hearts.

By Victor Hicks

THE ONLY NORMALLY COOL MAN WORKING IN AN ABNORMALLY HOT OCTOBER

The fellow who tears snow for the Christmas pantomimes

By Chas. Chilcot

THE SOFT ANSWER

"I bet you've been at my whisky, James!"

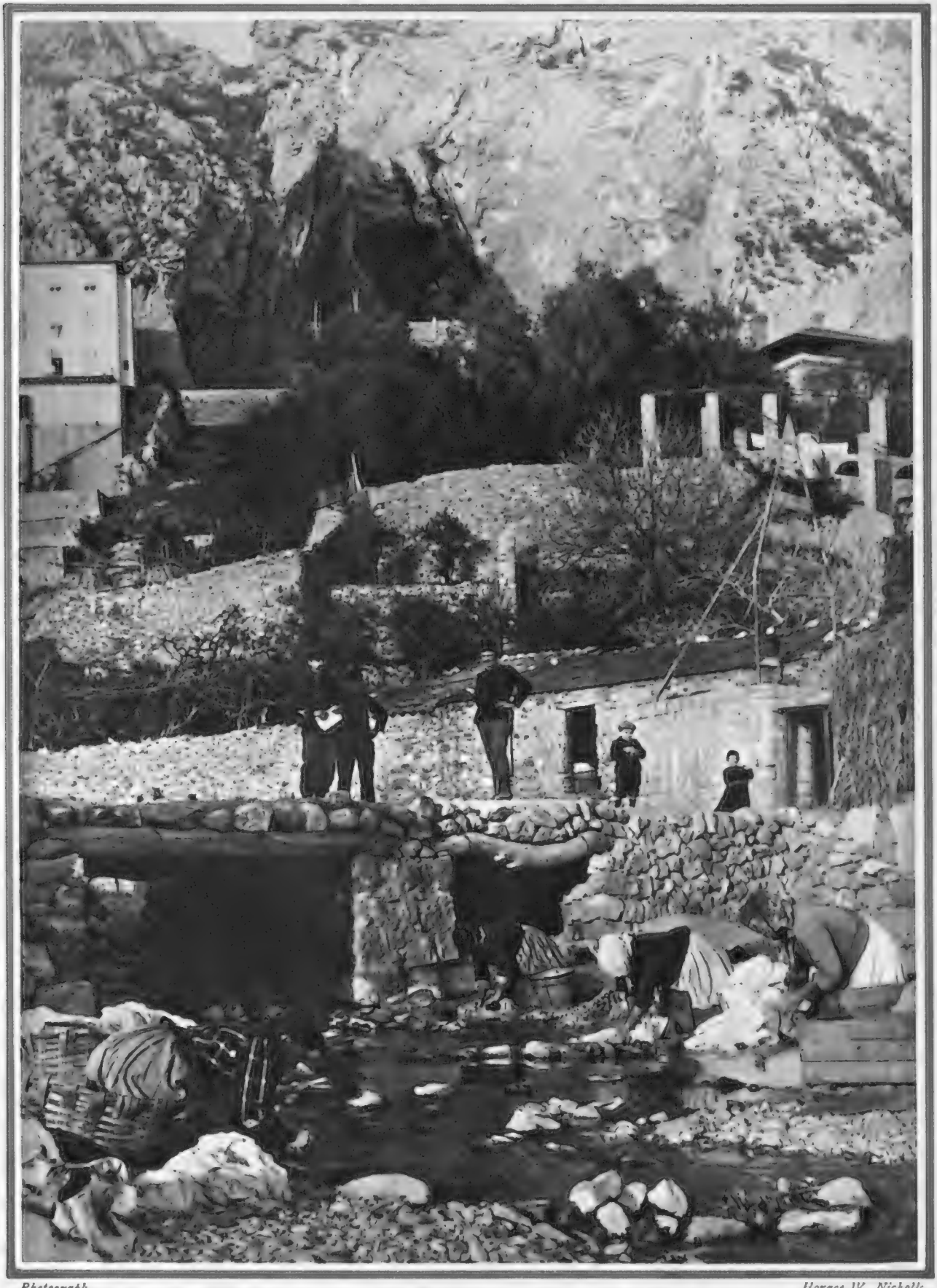
"Beg pardon, sir, but I never bet"

More Self-Dentistry

BY W. HEATH-ROBINSON

THE BIRD-SEED METHOD

The Boundary Line



Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

WHERE FRANCE JOINS ITALY

At Mentone, in the South of France, by the little stream and gorge separating the two countries. The French and Italian sentries are standing in their respective countries within handshake of each other

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

REVERIE OF THE "GIGOLOS"

MES AMIS—

THERE is the reverie among the "Gigolos" now that the winter season to dance is at the point to commence with the full intenseness. They would wish to have the confidence that they shall have a so good season as it has been their luck to enjoy in the one that did officially close with the *vacances*. But they know that that is much to expect. And many of them are not sanguine. For it was a prosperity through the popularity of novelty. And the novelty has vanished for ever. If that were all there would be the need for the *triomphes extraordinaires* to compensate for the lack of the freshness; but there is also the tarnish which has come upon the reputations through the *scandales*.

THEREFORE the "Gigolos" are aware that there shall be required the whole of their wits if they are to make a success—from their point of view—of the season which arrives. But in the face of the difficulties they are not without the assurance. For the assurance is the main of their talents. If they had not possessed the unexceptional amount of the assurance it is *bien probable* that they would not have been the "Gigolos," is it not?

"Received the severe shock when they have been presented with the bill"

BUT I go to forget that, perhaps, many of my English friends do not know what exactly it is a "Gigolo." Of course, those who have passed the spring or the early summer in those parts of France where the dance has been the craze must have the knowledge. But, perhaps, the others who have remained in England have not chanced to make the *connaissance* of the new profession. The "Gigolo" is the partner to dance with the lonely ladies—for the remuneration. There are among them the many kinds. Principally the bad and the badder. It is not at all what you describe in your most charming English phrase a lofty calling. At its least bad it is of the parasitic. At the worst it is of the most disreputable. There are, perhaps, some of the lonely ladies who in it have found the *délices*. But one has the belief that there are more who have found the *tristesses*. And all of them have encountered the terrible expensiveness.

FOR always the "Gigolo" is of the order *de luxe*. At the hotels and the *dancings* the most frequented, there are the "Gigolos" of the *maison*, who are of the kind *prix-fixe*. With them there is not the risk of the overcharge, except to the ladies of inexperience who make the mistake to think these "polished gentlemen" seek to dance with them for the pleasure. These have, of course, received the severe shock when they have been presented with the bill. After to think one will escape cheaply at the price of one bottle of champagne at *cent francs*, it is the severe blow to discover the *supplément*, "Six 'shimmies' with the *danseur* at fifty francs each — 300 francs!" It is a lesson which is sufficient at the first experience for all except the very wealthy and the very foolish.

YET that is a long way from the top price. The "Gigolos" have the pretence to consider themselves as the *hommes d'affaires*,

"With consequent disasters among the elderly husbands"

and when they are not the salaried servants of the *maison* they demand a price according to the law of the supply and the demand. It is thus that at Deauville when there has been one evening a scarcity of the men and an unusual excess of the women there have been the fantastic charges as the result of the competition. One lady who has been *folle* for the "shimmy" has made the contract for the exclusive services of a partner for the whole of the evening at one thousand francs. Perhaps she has found the solace in the *jalousie* of those who have had to remain the *dames seules*.

WHAT the "Gigolos" would so very much like is that there might be the similar evenings throughout all of the season to come. But one has very much the doubt if they shall not find that the impulses are all of the other way. For the worst which are among them have created the notoriety of the most repellent about their "profession" and they will only have the very inexperienced among whom to find their victims. It is the "Gigolos" of the *genre* free-lance who have been the cause of the trouble. They have made the exercise of their talents a little too actively at the outside of the *dancings*, often with the result of the permanent upsets in the families into which they have intruded. Should there but be the similar publicity about the cases of divorce in France as in England, the newspapers would be filled with the photographs and the histories of the dashing "Gigolos." They have pushed their way into the highest of the social circles and have been as conspicuous in the *châteaux* for the *chasse* as in the villas at the side of the sea, solely on the strength of their appearance and their accomplishments. And the most redoubtable, of course, are as skilled in the riding, the shooting, and the tennis as in their preliminary hunting-ground of the dance-rooms. With the consequent disasters among the young wives and the elderly husbands—feature of the *dot* system in France.

IT is not that the "Gigolo" of this degree wishes to provoke the divorce. That is the last thing which he would desire. What he seeks is the gift of a large sum of money to purchase the silence and the escape from the scandal. It is no matter to him whether it shall come from the disillusioned young wife or the startled elderly husband—preferably a handsome contribution from the both. But, from the moment when he seeks to dazzle the unescorted dance-crazed woman by the brilliance of his dancing, this is the purpose of his plots.

DURING the last season he has found much easy prey. Almost all of the possible victims have been unsuspecting. The skilful ones have thus been able to pick among those who have appeared probable to yield the greatest harvest. In the future it shall be much less simple. Without much of the noise has been passed along the warning and the man of the dainty feet—and the dangerous ways—may find himself in the hands of an entirely different kind of searcher.

FOR the purity of the world to dance and the advantage of the society in general it is to be hoped that the "profession" will vanish as the consequence of the unemployment. There is not much which is terrible to be said against the *danseurs de la maison*. Perhaps they do serve the real need. But, unfortunately, they open the way to the "Gigolos" who are unattached, except to the prospective victims. And that is sufficient reason to wish for their disappearance. Surely so!

ROLAND

"Who has been folle for the dancing"

Seven Years After: The Western Front Revisited

THE SAME FARM

[Inset will be recognised one of Captain Bairnsfather's famous drawings published during the War]

At the Court of Christopher Sly

Photograph *Fellows Willson*

MISS FLORENCE SAUNDERS

Who left the "Old Vic" to make a marked success in the costume play at the New Theatre—"Christopher Sly"

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

NEW SERIES

Naval Economies—No. I.

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

It is suggested that the practice of appointing secretaries to Flag Officers shall be dispensed with. Flag Officers will perform their own secretarial duties, but the gun-room officers may be called upon to assist if required

BY HIGGINS

WHEN IT DOES COME

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Cynthia Runs Away

by C. Patrick Thompson

"GIVE me your answer, darling . . . later."

He paused in the little twilight garden to blow a kiss, and seemed less to go than to merge with the purple shadows.

Pretty Mrs. Beeson closed the French windows, and paused, violet eyes drooping, one exquisite hand pressed to her beating heart. Sometimes her feeling for Aubrey transcended reality, so that he seemed no longer merely a wealthy young *élégant*, but an incarnation of all her dreams, a latter-day Spectre de la Rose, who held the key to the gate of love and dreams beyond imagining. In her most prosaic moods he still bewitched her with the glamour of escape from a life which she conceived to be unbearable in its *ennui*, its uneventfulness.

She had recovered composure when her husband entered, and greeted him with a tranquillity that scarcely veiled a scornful indifference. Remarkable, that tranquillity, when one considered that she was on the point of making up her mind to leave him for ever.

"You're unusually early, Paul—in time to dress for dinner. I thought the office usually kept you until it was too late."

He looked at her unsmilingly: a tall man in the middle thirties, pale under the indelible veneer of old sunburn, weary-eyed.

"Yes, Cyn.; but I won't dress, all the same, if you don't mind. I'm rather tired." He sat down. "I think I shall be able to get back earlier after this month, though. We have been going through a crucial period this last year, but I believe we've pulled through all right now."

She listened, unresponsive. How she had ever come to marry this self-absorbed business man she could not think; or, rather, by an effort of memory, she could: those hectic War years when everyone did mad, foolish things, and even a tea merchant took on an aura of strange romance! Their marital life, then, had been of a sort to preserve illusions, with its procession of brief, unexpected meetings, each an idyll full of colour and variety.

Just what Aubrey Maitland promised her in permanence. . . .

Vividly she saw him as he had stepped through the long windows that afternoon, with a kiss for her hand, an ineffable glance, Parma violets fresh from a Southern garden . . . and the soft, oft-uttered plea—to fly with him, away, and never come back—crystallised at length into a definite plan and a definite demand for Yea or Nay. . . .

"I shall be going up to Glasgow next week," her husband was saying, "to confer with some shippers. Would you care to come, Cynthia? I shall be away about a week."

Glasgow! She shuddered delicately. "I think not, thanks."

He nodded. "It's rather a dirty place, I know."

She resolved to test him for a spark of the old passionate self-abnegation.

"Do you think we shall be able to manage a week or two in Biarritz this year?" she asked. "We haven't been out of England since the War, or out of London since the summer. I shall die if I don't get some sun and a—a little life."

Paul turned from a thoughtful survey of the darkling garden and surveyed her. Clear eye, glowing cheek, scarlet lip—the risk of her dying seemed scarcely urgent. He smiled.

"That's a new frock you've got on, isn't it, Cyn? I thought so. It's bewitching, but—cut down your dress bills a bit and I'll see about Biarritz."

He had passed the limit. He was becoming merely brutal. She permitted herself to murmur icily:

"Please don't be foolish. I have scarcely a rag to wear."

He carefully lit his pipe. She watched that with tightened lips. It was a new departure. He knew that she loathed pipe-smoke in her sitting-room. True, Aubrey smoked, but then Aubrey smoked delicious Egyptians.

"Well, I'll be off to-morrow, Cyn. That will give me the week-end there, and I shall be able to get in some much-needed golf. I ought to be back the following Friday."

He went up to prepare for dinner, leaving a lip-compressed Cynthia puckering delicate brows most ominously. Suddenly she lifted her head. She rose, hesitated an instant, and then determinedly took her slim self into the next room and breathed the number of an Albany flat into the crystal telephone mouth.

Yes; Mr. Maitland had just come in.

"Hello, Aubrey? Yes—Cynthia. Well, *it's yes. Yes.* To-morrow night, as you said. . . ."

. . . . . .

A troubled doze that night, and no sleep at all the next. There

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"CYNTHIA RUNS AWAY" (*continued*)

were a thousand and one things to be done. Paul had bidden her a perfunctory good-bye after breakfast and taken his bag to the office. But it was not until an hour after the scheduled starting time of the night north express that she ventured on the final step—choice of daintiest garments and hasty, surreptitious packing.

Followed a wildly restless wait, until, at 2 a.m., she burnt her boats . . . speeding out of London through the windy autumn dark in the great gleaming car he had sent for her; furred to the eyes, honeymoon paraphernalia in suit case and dressing-case beside her, farewell letter written, veins foaming, heart performing acrobatics in her breast.

The low roar of the aeroplane reached her ears a mile before its huge wings came in sight, spreading black and stark over the dense ground-mist shrouding the heath.

A man was waiting to take her bags. She could see Aubrey's leather-helmeted head dimly framed in the curve of the open cockpit, the glint of goggles as he turned his face eagerly to her. And she remembered thrillingly that this was just as she had first seen him, on the landing ground of the Flying Club to which Paul—an ex-Air Force officer—had taken her on the occasion of a Squadron Re-Union Ball six months before.

Over the damp grass she fled, slipped into the leather coat he handed her over the side, hauled herself expertly into the passenger cockpit behind.

It was all so desperately exciting. The very throbbing of the mighty engine sounded an alarum. By now her husband must be half-way to Glasgow; yet she glanced fearfully behind, half expecting to see car lights flashing in pursuit down the dark road, to hear a shout, perhaps a shot . . . too late.

They went up like a wind-blown leaf. In next to no time the earth was remote below. The village lights dwindled to pin points; distance at last snuffed them out. Far away to the north an iridescence flickered high in the inky sky. London . . . the lights of her late prison.

She bent to the bell mouth of the speaking tube. "Oh, darling! It's glorious to be run away with. Here's a kiss for you, you angel."

Several kisses came back to her, on the wings of love-words that lingered in her ears deliciously, like the sweet sea-sighs in conch shells.

The flickery glow receded and died. A centepede crawled ahead, hundred-eyed; presently it opened a furnace mouth and sent a fiery shaft glimmering up.

"Milk train" the speaking tube informed her, and a minute or two later she saw it twist into the twinkling patch of the town and stop. They passed over it and beyond, over the illuminated chaos of the harbour, and out over the grave dark immensity of the sea.

The mercurial Cynthia abruptly experienced a transition from gaiety to sad loneliness. She shivered under her wraps of silk, tweed, fur, sheepskin, leather. Separated from her by only a yard of smooth-surfaced fuselage was the domed top of Aubrey's head. At intervals it would disappear as he bent to inspect compass and dial. She looked at it, and longed to have her own curly head close to it.

A daring notion came to her. She crouched, and, cautiously rising above the wind-screen, leaned over the intervening surface, hoisted herself half on to it, and managed to reach his ear flap with her lips. She craned further forward and reached his cheek He sensed her need immediately and, without fuss, rose in his chair so that she could kiss, again and again, the corner of his lips.

He did more. He rose higher, let go the stick, half-turned, and, taking her face between his gauntleted hands, pressed a burning kiss on her mouth. It was the most marvellous kiss that she had ever known—lip hot on lip, his goggles, circles of ice against her eyes, leather scraping her satin cheek, sea three thousand feet below, wind tearing at her and thundering with the motor-roar in her ears. She clung, senses reeling. . . .

The machine bumped in a "pocket" in the unstaple zone betwixt land and sea, and he dropped back to his seat, ordering retreat with a gesture.

They were now under French skies. Nocturnal France lay below. Wonderful France! Lying back in her well, Cynthia dreamily pictured a country of red-roofed cottages by winding streams and solemn-eyed peasants plodding through woods all brown and gold.

It made her think of Paul. But with an effort she ruthlessly wiped that thought out. Paul was not. The man who really loved her sat in front, whirling her through the sky to his villa in the hills above Nice. A mad flight of a thousand miles between dawn and sunset. Was it a wonder that she had lost her head over such a lover?

He had shown her the course he purposed taking from Chalon, down the Saone and Rhone valleys, and told her that soon after passing Paris she would see dawn breaking over the hills beyond Troyes, the rosy dawn of a new, magic life. They would reach the little aerodrome outside his villa in time for breakfast. And after that. . . .

But Cynthia never saw the guide light of Chalon, nor dawn breaking over the mountains. They were not ten miles south of the Paris glare when she dozed off. Few opiates so powerful as the thrills of two lifetimes packed into a few hours.

It was hours later that the bump of landing woke her. She sighed and stretched, reluctant to wake, and lifted languid arms.

"Lift me out," she murmured, shyly.

. . . . . .

Arms encircled her, strained and lifted. She opened sleepy eyes—and looked into Paul's. She blinked, took one arm from about his neck and rubbed her eyes. But it was still Paul's face.

He set her on her feet with a grim smile. She looked dazedly about in the gold of late afternoon. There was the shining villa; there, far behind, towered the misty mountains; the fleckless sky was the sky of the Côte d'Azure; closing a vista down a green grove she caught the glitter of near sea.

She had not fallen asleep in her Kensington boudoir, and dreamed. She really had flown. She was in France. This was the—nest.

But—her wide gaze slid sidelong to the tall figure—it was also Paul.

"Paul?"

"Quite right," he nodded. "You're not looking at a ghost."

"Explain," she commanded

"CYNTHIA RUNS AWAY" (*concluded*)

with hauteur, as though he, not she, were the guilty party.

"I happened to be using the upstairs telephone to make train enquiries when you rang Maitland, and I heard. It didn't take me long to get the details out of the fellow when I called on him next morning."

"Oh. Well?"

"Well, I didn't see the sense of behaving like a bull about it. I had noticed for the last year that you were drifting into a dangerous sort of state. You wanted a violent change from a life that was, I'm afraid, deadly dull for you, and so I decided that if you were riding for a fall, you had better fall as quickly as possible and get it over—in my company."

"Cynical brute!"

"Come, now, Cyn; don't call me names. You've had the very deuce of a good time. Haven't you? But it wouldn't have lasted, you know, little owl. . . . You see, I've learnt something about you. There's a saying that, given the hour, the circumstances and the man, any woman can be trusted to lose her head and heart. But the factors are not really so many. Hour and circumstance alone are sufficient. If *they're* right, who the man is doesn't so much matter. A husband is quite as exciting as a lover. . . . It wasn't the man you wanted, Cyn; only the hour and the circumstances. If I wasn't so sure of that I shouldn't be taking this escapade of yours so easily."

"And suppose," she remarked at the end of a long, long pause, "suppose I want that hour and circumstance again? I'm very wicked—and one never knows. . . ."

Paul grinned, pulled off a gauntlet and exhibited raw knuckles.

"Better try me again, old lady. Otherwise I shall have to get to work and put the other man out of the running, as I did Aubrey. Personally, I enjoy it; but it's not kind of you. . . ."

She looked at the hand, at him; and began to laugh softly. Caprice was her charm—and vice.

"P'raps I'll decide to stay in the family," she murmured, and tucked her arm in his. "After all, it does seem to understand me."

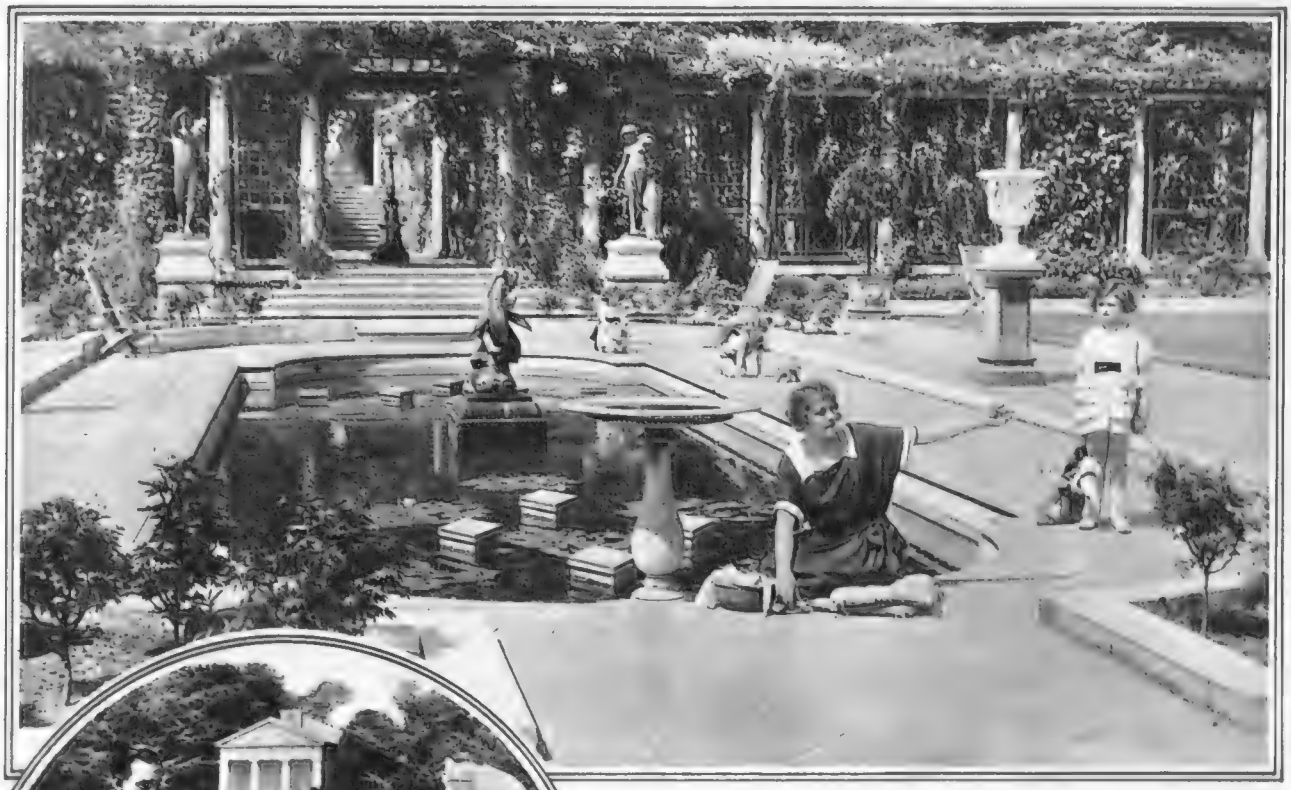
C. PATRICK THOMPSON.

Photograph *Sidney H. Nicholls*

SIX MILES FROM MARBLE ARCH!

A snapshot of the River Brent near Ealing—film producers please note

Filming Italy in London



"THE FRUITFUL VINE"

An exterior scene of the film taken at Lord Leverhulme's house on Hampstead Heath. Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild's house at Gunnersbury Park supplied the setting depicted in the other photograph

"THE MARCHESA VEROSTI'S RECEPTION AT CENNOBIO"

Filmed in the grounds of Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild's London residence at Gunnersbury Park. Although the action of Robert Hichens' famous novel, "The Fruitful Vine," takes place in Italy, all the scenes for the filming of the story were taken within twenty-five miles of Charing Cross

IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 24

DEAR COUSIN—

What a wonderful life, is not it? So full of light and colour, for one thing, these wonderful October days, when—

> The short days shorten
> And the oaks are brown—
> The blue smoke rises
> To the low grey sky. . . .

Calendar's got a bit mixed up, apparently, though seems there's all sorts of scientific explanations about this sort of thing happening regularly in cycles of every thirty-five years or so because of solstices or something.

BUT don't let's worry about science or anything so dull as that, but just take our golden October days as they come, and believe ourselves specially favoured by the gods for this occasion only, and because we really *do* deserve some kind of compensation for all the mere, ordinary mundane troubles that are gathering so thick around our heads this very moment.

PLENTY *to* worry us, really, I suppose, if we only take life seriously enough and look on the black side of things as some of the world's gloom-birds would have us do. "Lost world trade: collapse of our exports," joyfully jubilates one of our cheerful comforters. There will be a deficit instead of a surplus on the year's financial operations, lightly carols the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. It would be impossible to exaggerate the gravity of the situation owing to unemployment, heartenningly remarks Mr. Arthur Henderson (of doormat fame) in the course of a few earnest and uplifting words about "the serious crisis now upon us," and the worst is still to come. . . .

"The Prince"

AND it's quite possible, say other exhilarating experts, that there will be another war within five years—or less. The kind made in Germany for one. "The risk of a German war of revenge is manifest . . . it would be madness to ignore the danger. . . ." Seems (according to our mentors) the Huns haven't really disarmed properly at all, and could build a hundred thousand or so planes to attack us with in quite a little time, if we only let 'em carry on with their alleged "civil" aviation schemes in our usual guileless and trustful manner.

IF only women ran things! Which, of course, they do do now *really*, but what I mean is . . . properly and directly and simply and straightforward-like, instead of just secretly and subterraneously as at present. Wouldn't be any more of this sort of silly shilly-shallying and messing about that they call diplomacy under *our régime*, would there? Well, well . . . acquired *two* women M.P.'s already, anyway, haven't we . . . ?

TALKING of diplomacy, rather lucky for poor old England, isn't it, that we've anyway got on our side (*p'raps* even better than any woman diplomatist that ever was or will be) the Prince of Wales. Who, by the way, starts forth on his newest diplomatic mission this very Wednesday as ever is, to India—where, if anywhere, diplomacy, especially the Royal kind, does seem to be rather more particularly needed at this particular moment of the poor old world's history than ever before in the extensive and chequered career of "Britain's greatest

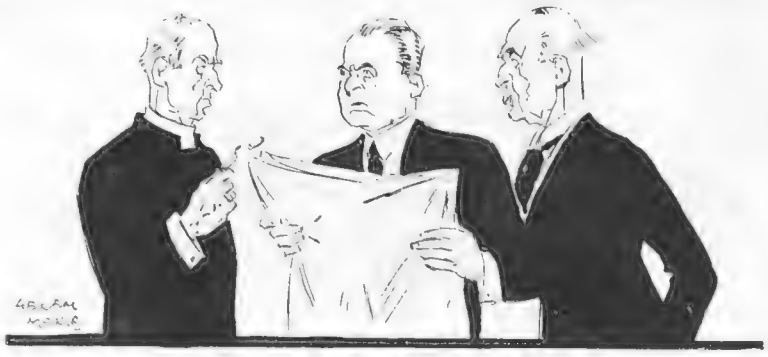
dependency," as they call it in the school books and things.

NOT *altogether* unfeminine, though, the Prince, is he, in some ways?—and, anyway, understands women as well as men, and gets their votes every time, so to speak. And being young *and* charming does make such a difference, doesn't it? I mean, I'm sure all the grey-bearded and bald-headed politicians and people are simply frightfully clever and subtle and saturated with all the parliamentary lore of countless generations, and all that. But, somehow, human nature *is* so weak and foolish that just a smile from the right person at the right moment seems to count for ever so much more, even in the most fearfully serious things, than all the solemn be-whiskered wisdom that ever was. 'Sawful, but 's true—as Laddie Cliff would say.

AND, as one of the really big diplomatists once put it—"one word, one glance, one smile from Madame l'Ambassadrice is often worth a thousand conferences and receptions and council meetings conducted by H.M. (official) Envoy and Plenipotentiary, however tactful and experienced and distinguished and be-decorated and be-starred. . . ."

MEN are so *proper*, aren't they, most of them (Royalties not included, 'cos, of course, it's one of *their* privileges to be above all that sort of thing), if they like? And when they become *official*, do seem, as Mr. Stephen Leacock says, to lose all their sense of humour simply, utterly,

"Even milk pudding is full of deadly peril"



"Some of the world's gloom birds"

and entirely, from Archbishops and Bishops down to mere railway magnates and millionaires. And no one *really* loves dull people, though we're so weak, we others, we always let ourselves be ruled by them. Which, in other words, though—said she consolingly—means that in the end it's *they* who really do (when you come to think of it) all the dirty work!

DON'T let's talk about dull people, though, as I said before, or dull things. No need to *be* dull, anyway, here in London now in this "little season" that's just started and already looks like being almost a proper big one, what with all the theatre and opera and dance and other shows that are going strong all at one and the same time for the delectation of such fortunate persons as have not been struck down swiftly and silently by the newest (and frightfullest) form of "flu."

INCLUDING, of course (the shows, I mean), the very latest Oscar Asche winner, *Cairo*, that's at last displaced *Chu Chin Chow* and promises to make yet more records of the same sort and kind. Especially as someone's discovered that it contains a dance that really ought to be censored right away. "Stark sensuality," he calls it—though, oddly enough, another critic of the same firm finds it the one "beautiful, really imaginative thing" in the whole play. Wonderful, though, how unsuspected dangers do seem to lurk in the most innocent-looking things. Even milk-pudding, another expert's just revealed to us, is full of the deadliest perils. . . !

WONDERFUL, too, isn't it, how we have, after all, "turned to little things" again, just barely three years after the end of the greatest war that ever was. The last British troops officially leave France this very week. And so the curtain's finally rung down on the Great Tragedy—but the audience, apparently, left the theatre long ago. Seems so, anyway—or else, I suppose, the Prince, and others, couldn't *still* be appealing for help for "the many ex-service men still unemployed"?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"The Best I have yet seen"

A Shanghai client thus describes the result of his comparison of

Ciro Pearls

with the many varieties of pearls offered there and in other Eastern Cities.

THE recommendation of delighted clients brings us a large proportion of our new clients, and this is always a source of satisfaction to us, for it is the best possible proof of the worth of our pearls. One client wrote us that he had been offered for his Ciro Pearls ten times the price we charged. Such statements demonstrate most convincingly the wonderful resemblance of Ciro Pearls to the genuine oriental.

"I am in receipt of set of pearls ordered from your good selves. I must say that they are the best I have yet seen. There are many kinds of Japanese 'Cultured' pearls sold here in Shanghai and other Eastern Cities, but on comparison with Ciro Pearls, the difference is more than obvious, and I must congratulate you on the production of a very superior article at an extraordinarily moderate price."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 ins. long, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Jewel mounted with Ciro Pearls (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.

Other lengths of necklets at proportionate rates—Solid Gold Clasp 2/6 extra.

Write for new descriptive booklet No. 7; just published (sent post free).

WARNING.

We warn the public against unscrupulous advertisers who imitate our name and copy our advertisements in the hope of misleading the unwary to purchase substitutes as Ciro Pearls. We have no agents and no branches in England, and would be glad if clients would inform us if they have been deceived.

CIRO PEARLS, LTD., (Dept. 7) Only Address: 39, Old Bond Street
(Piccadilly End)
INDIAN BRANCH: 7, ESPLANADE EAST, CALCUTTA.

By "The Tout"

"ABBOTS TRACE"

Lord Dewar, who is in the limelight as owner of the present Cambridgeshire favourite, is an all-round sportsman, and his victory in to-day's big race would be a popular win

BY FIELD, AND

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

FAVOURITE FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

"Abbots Trace" is a decided favourite for this race, and with Jelliss up looks like winning

Racing Notions

BY "CARBINE"

Dried Up

My experience of the Cambridgeshire takes me back a good many years, yet I cannot recall the time when the race dried up so completely as is now the case. I suppose we shall have something like the usual amount of excitement on Newmarket Heath on Wednesday, but it must be confessed that the outlook is not particularly promising. What a great race we should have had if all the scratched horses and doubtful runners had stood their ground. Fancy Orpheus, Paragon, Square Measure, Abbots Trace and other cracks in rivalry at their original weights. I suppose we must blame the hard ground to some extent for the collapse of this great handicap, though the untimely coughing epidemic is responsible for a number of abstentions.

Good Hedging

Last week I gave you the hint to get on to Abbots Trace, and I hope you have profited by the advice. At any rate you look like seeing good hedging, for if Lord Dewar's colt keeps well I cannot perceive what is to prevent him from becoming a very warm favourite. Less than a week ago his price was 13 to 2, and after the wretched form of Franklin at Sandown Park I imagine a point or two would have been clipped off Abbots Trace. We have been continually reminded, of course, that he is being asked to achieve a record in winning the Cambridgeshire under 9 st. 2 lb., but was there ever a year in which the opposition was apparently more moderate?

Nothing Certain

I have grown too old in racing to attempt to emulate the example of those young enthusiasts who assure their readers that so-and-so *will* win—and then have to eat their words in their next issues. It's an old, old saying, and very true, that nothing is absolutely sure in racing. Witness the recent downfalls of Orpheus, Venizelos, The Winter King, Control, and other presumed certainties. So I shall not be terribly shocked if some lightly-weighted outsider, favoured, maybe, by the luck of the race, proved equal to upsetting the Cambridgeshire favourite. Still, it is difficult at the moment to say whence the chief danger will come. Among those which are figuring fairly prominently in the betting at the moment of writing I cannot say that Foundation greatly appeals to me. If he wins, he will have to do a great deal better than he did in his latest effort at Newmarket. Grandcourt is more likely to take another London Cup at Alexandra Park than a Cambridgeshire, though in this poor field "anything may happen."

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

H. JELLISS

Who will ride "Abbots Trace" to-day in the Cambridgeshire. If he wins he will create a unique double, for he it was who brought "Yutoi" in first, the Cesarewitch winner

Solid for Abbots Trace

It is strange that Lacrosse, having been too lame to run in the Duke of York Handicap, is now a prominent Cambridgeshire candidate. Whatever his trouble was, he has very quickly recovered from it, and unless he breaks down again he may be second favourite on the day of the race. Abbots Trace has to give him the substantial allowance of 11 lb., and I believe Lord Dewar's colt can do it. Among the three-year-olds the best may be Poiret. I tipped him for a race in the North last week, but he did not run, being in reserve for the Cambridgeshire. I think he will pay for following during the rest of the season. My selection is **Abbots Trace,** and as an "each way" outsider I shall take Poiret.

Last of Newmarket

There is a little touch of sadness about the Houghton meeting at Newmarket. It marks all too vividly another milestone, and many of us will leave the Heath regretfully on Friday for the long spell which divides us from next spring.

Lembach the Winner?

The season at headquarters, however, should wind up vigorously. The absence of the beautiful Golden Corn will give us a reasonably open Dewhurst Stakes on Thursday. Mr. Sol Joel has none of his cracks in the race, but **Lembach** is there, and if this good colt has got over his coughing trouble he should be the winner.

STREAM COVERT

Photographs] THE BRITANNIA BEAGLES *[Alfieri*

The boys at the Naval College, Dartmouth, run their own pack of beagles under the Mastership of the Captain of the College, Captain F. A. Marten, R.N., C.M.G., D.S.O., who is seen with hounds and whippers-in. On the left is Mrs. Marten, wife of the Master

Hunting Notes

BY A. W. COATEN

With the Hertfordshire

BRIG.-GENERAL R. N. SMYTH, who has taken over the secretaryship of the Hertfordshire Hunt this season, asks me to state that the hunting days with that pack will be on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, with an occasional bye on Saturdays. By some mischance these arrangements were given differently in our "Hound List." This country, like every other just now, is patiently waiting for a "real rain." Apart from the state of the ground the prospects in Hertfordshire have not been so good for many years. It is not an easy job to follow so popular an M.F.H. as Lord Cavan, but Lord Ludlow, ably assisted by General Smyth, has set about his new duties in such business-like fashion that a highly successful term in office may be fearlessly predicted for him. He has strengthened the kennels; he is mounting the hunt servants in irreproachable fashion; and he is working hard to get all the wire replaced by timber.

Polo in the States

So many polo-players are followers of hounds that I need not apologise for bringing a scrap of polo news into these hunting notes. The American championships took place last month, and, of course, the International players who did so well in this country were conspicuous in the various tournaments. It is noticeable, however, that the redoubtable Meadow Brook four did not play together at Philadelphia. Mr. Watson Webb and Mr. Milburn were on one side in the Senior Championship, while Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Hitchcock played for Rockaway. The interesting result was the latter carried off the honours, Meadow Brook being defeated by 10 goals to 7. A good judge who watched the matches at Philadelphia tells me that the pace was exceedingly hot throughout and the all-round quality of the polo equally good. Indeed, at the moment I fear the galloping game is making greater strides in the U.S.A. than it is in this country, and we shall not find it an easy matter to get that cup back.

Another Lady Master

THIS reminds me that Miss Noëla Whiting, of whose exploits in polo you may have heard, has now become a Master of harriers. She has taken the Taunton Vale pack, and is looking forward to showing her followers a good season's sport. Miss Whiting learnt her polo in Burma, and since her return home has taken every opportunity of playing with stick and ball. She has taken part in a number of West Country tournaments during the past two seasons, and as a forward holds her own with many of the men who play down in Somerset.

Cub-hunting Experiences

SOME of the packs have managed to put in excellent work in spite of the wholly unfavourable conditions. The Puckeridge, for example, have been out forty mornings and accounted for as many brace of cubs. And this, mark you, without stumping up any appreciable number of the hounds. The Heythrop, too, have been going out five mornings a week, and their huntsman is able to boast that there is hardly a hound in his kennel with sore feet. A. W. C.

Photograph *Short and General*

MASTER OF THE BLEAN

Miss J. B. Dawes controls the Blean Beagles, who hunt near Faversham. Her father, Mr. Dawes, established the Blean in 1894

Photograph *A. W. Fielder*

A SUMMER SCENE IN AN AUTUMN SEASON

The "All-in" Handicaps, which are now being held on the Thames at Teddington for boats of all classes and types, have proved very popular. Our illustration shows the race held recently by the Royal Canoe Club, which was also open to the Thames, Tamesis, and Minima Clubs, and received 33 entries. From a sailing point of view the weather was almost too summer-like, for the wind was very light indeed. Mr. Horton's "Ma Mie" was the winner, and Mr. C. P. Gosnell's "Saucy Sally" was second

Photograph *Sport and General*

H. B. PLAYFORD

Who has just been elected President of the Cambridge University Boat Club. He is the first old boy of St. Paul's School to hold this office

Sports & Pastimes

LAWN TENNIS

Winning by Waiting

THE tournament season of 1921 has ended in a sort of orgy of stone-walling. At the last hard court tournament of the year on the courts of the London Country Club at Hendon, the final of the men's Singles was won in three "straight" sets involving a total of only twenty-six games—which means a fraction less than nine games per set—and yet it took two hours and ten minutes to play. On the covered courts at Queen's Club last week, a match of five sets, of which the longest ran to 7-5, occupied three hours and seven minutes. These are the gems of a fairly numerous collection, the significance of which is worth enquiring into.

The Method Explained

IT is, perhaps, unjust to describe the heroes of these agonising encounters as stone-wallers, for this might be taken to imply that they are incapable of doing more than keeping their end up while the other fellow makes the mistakes. This is not so. They have in their locker a choice assortment of winning shots, and can produce the appropriate one when the occasion arises. But the essence of their creed is that those shots must be kept in reserve. They involve the taking of risks and their use must, therefore, be confined strictly to the occasions upon which the taking of risks is amply justified. Their play is, in fact, a direct negation of the maxim that attack is the surest form of defence. With them defence is the surest form of attack.

A Game that Pays

NOR is there any doubt whatever that this type of game pays. Its most capable exponent at the present time is M. Sleem, the Indian, for, besides being almost uncannily accurate, he is very active and untiring, and his stock of reserve shots—as I have termed them—is a very fine one. Up to the end of last week only one player, B. I. C. Norton, had beaten him in England.

Its Limitations

AND yet, as Norton and others have proved, Sleem's game has

(*Continued on page 214*)

Photograph *British Illustrations*

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

The Rugby football match between Blackheath and Bradford, once one of the strongest clubs in the Kingdom, has been revived after a lapse of twenty-five years. Our illustration shows Q.E.M.A. King, the Blackheath left wing three-quarter, passing the ball when tackled by J. R. Leach, the Bradford half-back. Behind them is E. Hammett, the English International three-quarter who has recently joined Blackheath. They won by 23 points to nil

Readers who desire to FURNISH A FLAT OR A SMALL HOUSE at the least possible expense

will find in the new Specimen House at Hamptons most attractive schemes for substantially furnishing throughout a Six-roomed House for

£265,

£275 and £325. Every room exemplifies the best values yet attained.

Entrance at 20, Whitcomb St., Pall Mall East, S.W. 1.

A Booklet illustrating all these Rooms, in colour, is being prepared, and will be sent free to those who write for it.

HAMPTONS PAY carriage to any Railway Station in GREAT BRITAIN.

THE BEST BEDROOM OF HAMPTONS' NEW £275 HOUSE.

Oak Bedroom Suite, comprising 4 ft. Wardrobe (Mirror fitted inside), Dressing Table, Wash-Stand, Chairs	£28	10	0
4 ft. 6 in. Oak Bedstead, woven wire spring mattress, overlay mattress, bolster and two pillows	14	3	6
Carried forward	£42	13	6
Brought forward	£42	13	6
Toilet Set, 5 pieces	2	7	6
Oak Bedside Table	1	13	6
Hair Carpet with Black Border, 10 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft.	10	0	0
One pair Curtains in Cretonne	2	5	0
Brass Rod and Fittings		8	9
	£59	8	3

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

The uniquely effective and pleasing

Colour Schemes

of these Rooms have all been expressly composed to meet the present demand for colour effects as bright as they can be made without detriment to restfulness.

ESTIMATES FOR DECORATING any Room in a similar or in any other manner are supplied free.

PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W. 1. and at BUENOS AIRES.

Issued by the Scottish Woollen Trade Mark Association, Limited, 27 Charlotte Sq., Edinburgh.

Go to Your Tailor NOW!

IT is time to order Suits and Overcoats for Winter. Winter styles are now settled. The new fashions for ladies' tailor-mades are also fully developed. There is nothing to be gained by waiting.

Every class of tailoring material can be had in genuine Scotch Tweeds — patterned greys and browns for bold lounge suits and overcoats; plain serges for business wear; sporting checks for golf and shooting; costume cloths for ladies' coats and tailor-mades. There is a wide range of prices.

Be in the Fashion

You will always be safe if you order genuine

SCOTCH TWEEDS

The price your tailor charges is the fair price for the materials, linings and workmanship that he gives you; and the cloth can be relied upon as being made in Scotland of Pure New Wool if the material bears this imprint, **affixed under Board of Trade Regulations**

TRADE MARK SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION LIMITED

its limitations. A player who can hit really hard, and place well both off the ground and on the volley without making many mistakes—one, in fact, who, to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, combines accuracy with severity and speed—will beat him. Against Tilden, or any of the leading Americans who can successfully carry out a policy of sustained aggression, a player of the Sleem type of game could hardly hope to prevail, and I think it may safely be said that we shall never see a player of this type winning the Championship. If we ever do, then I think we shall be compelled to doubt whether lawn tennis is really as fine a game as it is believed to be.

Photograph THE FIELD GAME AT ETON [*Photo Illust. Co.*

Like the Wall Game, the Eton Field Game is peculiar to Eton. The ball is kicked, but a feature of the play is the bully which is not unlike a Rugby scrummage. The players are here seen "digging in" after a rouge in the match between Eton and the 60th Rifles, which was won by the school by a goal and a rouge (which corresponds roughly to a try) to a rouge.

GOLF

The Out-of-Bounds Penalty

ONE of the courses upon which the penalty for sending one's ball out of bounds is only loss of distance is Oxhey, where the recent *News of the World* tournament was held, and where the winner, Albert Seymour, sent his ball out of bounds three times in the course of the semi-final and final. This has had the effect of giving a topical interest to the discussion into which most golfers will enter upon the slightest provocation as to whether the penalty of stroke and distance is not too heavy a one for hitting one's ball out of bounds, or, to put it another way, whether the penalty should be the same in all cases where the ball cannot be played.

Croome on Unification

I RECOMMEND those who are interested in this subject to read, without fail, the golf notes in the issue of the *Field* for October 12. I am not, I believe, divulging a profound secret when I say that the golf notes in the *Field*, or, at any rate, the bulk of them, are written by Mr. Arthur Croome, himself a member of the Rules Committee. Mr. Croome is an ardent supporter of the unification of the penalties in all cases where the ball, no matter for what reason, is unplayable, and in the *Field* of October 12 he gives us an exposition of the principle upon which the theory of unification is based, which is quite remarkable alike for its lucidity and for the cogency of the arguments which he brings to bear upon the question.

Results, Not Causes

PUT quite shortly, the case for unification is this: a ball is either playable or unplayable, and it is only through an accident that it becomes unplayable. The golfer who hits his ball out of bounds, or loses it altogether, or finds it lying in such a position that he cannot play it, is equally the victim of an accident, whichever of these three things happen to him. That is the salient fact. The result of the accident, is an unplayable ball; the cause of the accident which led to its becoming unplayable cannot be taken into account. Mr. Croome regrets that the Rules Committee were induced to abandon this fundamental standpoint by the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association, and to draw a distinction between balls played out of bounds and balls lost on the course or found there in an unplayable lie. All that matters is that the player cannot continue playing with the ball which he struck from the tee, and it is only reasonable that in every case where he is prevented from so doing he should pay the same penalty for the privilege of playing with another one. This, of course, is only a nutshell reproduction of a fairly lengthy and carefully reasoned article, but I hope I have, at any rate, made it clear that Mr. Croome's contention is one that will take a lot of refuting.

H. S. S.

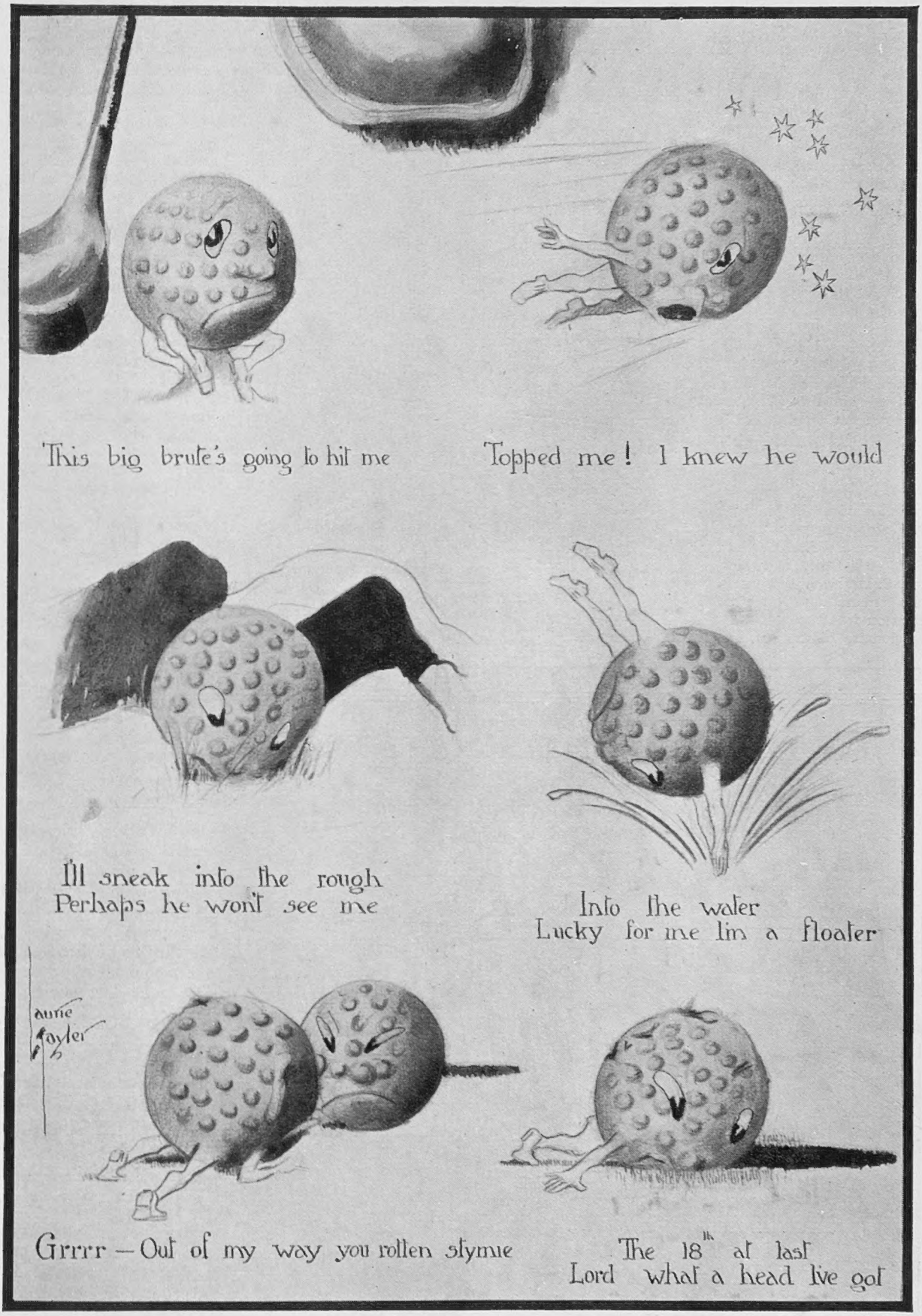
Photograph RANELAGH'S RECORD FOURSOMES COMPETITION *Sport and General*

A view of the first tee at Ranelagh last week during the progress of the "Ladies' Field" Foursomes Competition, in which no fewer than 244 players were engaged. The popularity of the competition, which is only in the third year of its existence, is largely due to the conditions under which it is held. They are such as to give the weaker players a very good chance of distinguishing themselves

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Sensations of a Golf Ball



BY LAURIE TAYLER

THE DIARY OF A DIRTY DAY

MOTOR·NOTES

EARLY in the spring of this year the Distillers Company, Ltd., invited a number of enthusiastic motorists—no, not cranks, but men of decided opinions—to view a new carburettor that was equally suitable for petrol and alcohol mixtures. At that time people talked about alcohol as fuel—that is to say, the enthusiastic ones did—as the solution of cheap motoring. But none was available. Now, oh! ye scoffers and ye enthusiasts alike, please note that arrangements have now been made so that an alcohol spirit mixture can be supplied in London to those motorists who wish to use this in place of other forms of motor fuel. Price, did you ask? I know not, but I am willing to bet it will be as high as commercial rivalry will permit, judging by the benzol ramp.

* * *

THAT popular motorist, Sir Maxwell Monson, has now joined the board of Messrs. W. L. Stewart and Co., Ltd., of which Mr. C. Harrison Watson is the managing director. Monson was the sole concessionaire of the Rochet-Schneider, the well-known French car, before the War, and joined the Fiat Motor Company in 1919, being associated with them until the present change of venue. Now he has gone back to sell French cars again, as Stewarts have the sole concession for Great Britain of the Voisin car. This firm, by the way, produced a new small 8 h.p. Voisin at the Paris Motor *Salon* fitted with a Knight sleeve-valve engine, that made a favourable impression on those who saw it there. This, of course, is an additional model to the larger sizes produced from these works. If straws show which way the wind blows one may make a shrewd guess that sleeve-valve engines are becoming more popular since Daimlers introduced this form of motor valved engine. Also, the Paris Motor Show revealed the fact that no fewer than forty makes of cars had the front wheel brake system fitted, first exploited by our Scotch friends, the Argyll. Here, again, this firm first took up the single sleeve valve Burt-McCallum engine, which is still fitted by them, so that who knows but that we shall see more single and multiple sleeve-valve engines in a variety of cars before long?

(*Continued on page 220*)

FOUNDED A.D. 1383

Not the car, but Leycester's Hospital, Warwick, in the background; a rather fine specimen of half-timbered building. The car is a Daimler "Thirty" landaulette

PATRON: H.M. THE KING.

FIFTEENTH INTERNATIONAL

Motor Exhibition

WHITE CITY & OLYMPIA

LONDON

NOV. 4th - 12th

Organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd.

The World's Largest Display of Private Motor Cars at prices ranging from £130 to £4,000, together with a complete representative display of carriage work, equipment, tools, tyres and accessories.

Including also at the

WHITE CITY

latest developments in

MOTOR BOATS, MARINE ENGINES, RIVER CRAFT, etc.

ADMISSION, 2/6

ON

FRIDAY - - - NOV. 4th
SATURDAY - - - NOV. 5th
WEDNESDAY - - NOV. 9th
SATURDAY - - - NOV. 12th

OTHER DAYS, 5/-

OPEN FROM 10 TILL 9

NAPIER

Six-Cylinder Motor Carriage.

70,000 Feet of Alpine Climbing

Under the Official Observation of the **Royal Automobile Club,** a 40-50 h.p. Six-cylinder Napier carried out a trial of 2,118 miles over the French, Italian, and Swiss Alps.

The main Passes in these countries—approximately 70,000 feet—were successfully negotiated, and during the trial **NO WATER or OIL** was added.

Although the clutch was not disengaged whilst the car was running, the **PETROL CONSUMPTION** was **18·7 m.p.g.** The **SPEED** at Brooklands was **72·38 m.p.h.**

We—the Napier Motor Co.—guarantee that this trial was carried out with a standard chassis.

Full particulars of this most advanced Car on application.

Olympia Exhibition *NOV. 4—12*

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.
14, New Burlington St., W.1.
Works: Acton, LONDON, W. 3.

Stand No. 291

THE NAPIER IS STILL THE *PROVED* BEST.

Buick
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF.

Olympia 4-12 Nov:
STAND 245

We are Exhibiting the

New 18·2 h.p. 4-Cylinder Buick—a model which is arousing widespread enthusiasm among all to whom the name BUICK has a definite message.

Latest 27·3 h.p. 6-Cylinder Buick, Touring Model; a car famous all over the world for service and quality. You have not given your judgment a fair chance until you have seen the Buick.

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED,
THURLOE PLACE, LONDON, S.W.7.
Distributors and Dealers Everywhere.

THE WORLD'S BEST CAR VALUE

THE 1922 Overland WITH BRITISH COACHWORK

At the MOTOR EXHIBITION
STAND —274— OLYMPIA

Exhibiting the Overland Touring Model de Luxe, Two-Seater Model de Luxe with Double Dickey, 3/4 Landaulette.
106 inch Wheel Base.

STANDARD OVERLAND MODELS are

TOURING CAR	ROADSTER	SEDAN
5-Seater	2-Seater	5-Seater

Compare VALUE with any other Exhibit, your choice will then be an OVERLAND.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY Ltd
British Factory and Sales Dept., Heaton Chapel, Manchester.
Showrooms - - 151/3, Great Portland Street, LONDON.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

WHILE referring to the Paris Show, a flying visit—both in time and method of transport—revealed that our French friends are catering for the very rich motorist or those that can just afford a car. At least, that is my impression, as you saw luxurious carriages like the Panhard eight-cylinder, the Hotchkiss six-cylinder, and the Voisin twelve-cylinder, or tiny motors like the 5 h.p. Citroën, the 10 h.p. Delaunay-Bellville, the 8 h.p. Panhard, 8 h.p. Salmson, and the 8 h.p. Mattus, with a few 12 horse powers like the Delage, the Delahaye, the Chenard-Walcker, and the Vinot. Daimler, Napier, Rolls-Royce, the new twelve-cylinder Fiat, Elizade, the Spanish high-class car, Pierce-Arrow and Cadillac from the U.S.A., Lancia and Itala from Italy, were all there, and the Brigatti, an eight-cylinder model. These, I fancy, will all be seen again at the White City and Olympia on November 4, when our motor-carriage exhibition opens.

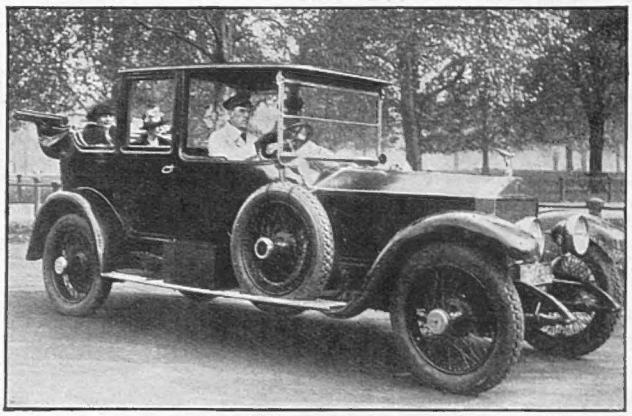
* * *

IN these days of financial stress the rule of the Society of Motor Manufacturers that firms whose affairs are in the hands of a receiver are debarred from exhibiting at their motor shows presses rather hardly on firms like Austin, Charron-Laycock, Cole, Harper-Bean, and Sizaire-Berwick, who are all carrying on, struggling to get free from their financial embarrassments under most difficult circumstances. All these five firms are still trading, and everybody hopes that they will successfully emerge from the dark clouds surrounding them into brighter days. Candidly, I think they all will, but I am sure that motorists can buy their goods without any fear of not getting spares or without any chance of being landed with cars at a much depreciated value when they want to sell them. My reasons for this view are founded on the knowledge that unemployment of the several thousand workpeople engaged by these five firms would add considerably to the embarrassment of the present labour situation, so that as long as these firms continue to produce under the receivers' management goods that are selling as well as these firms' cars are at present—due to their respective merits entirely—the firms will carry on, and slowly, but surely, overcome their present position. Possibly shareholders will have to consider reconstruction plans in the near future, which, while entailing some considerable financial loss to themselves, yet will not affect the public as motorists being able to buy their goods with complete confidence.

* * *

AT Olympia and the White City motorists with small purses will find cars from £180 to £300 in plenty. Also in great variety, as air-cooled or oil-cooled, water-cooled or air screw-driven, the swarm of tiny cars offered to the hard-up motorist is absolutely bewildering. Anything on four wheels constitutes a motor-car in the parlance of the S.M.M.T., so 3 h.p. cycle-cars will jostle 200 h.p. motor-carriages, while alongside float motor-boats with a range of power and speed as wide apart as the cars themselves. Oh! it will be a horrid crush on November 4 and following days the show is open. But no one will want to miss it, except those who can't, like—

OLD HY.



PRINCESS ALICE AT BRIGHTON

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, on her way to the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, in her new Rolls-Royce. She received purses on behalf of the Fund for the League of Mercy

The SUPREME BOOT POLISH

THERE'S one *best* in every article made. There is one supreme Polish, made so by test over many years. Leave instructions that your Boots—Black or Brown—are polished and preserved by 'NUGGET'—and 'NUGGET' alone.

Made in Four Colours: Black, Brown, Dark Brown, Toney Red.——In Tins, 4d. and 6d.

4d. TINS

THE "NUGGET" WATERPROOF BOOT POLISH UNEQUALLED TRADE MARK REGISTERED FREE FROM ACID OF ANY DESCRIPTION PRESERVING LEATHER FROM CRACKING FOR PATENT, GLACÉ KID, BOX CALF AND OTHER LEATHERS TO OPEN SEE BACK

6d. TINS

No 804 CFH

A Welcome Present for all Men

No better gift, or one that will be more deeply appreciated, will be found than this Complete Jewellery Outfit. 7 articles, all in the finest quality *Mother of-Pearl* and *Rolled Gold*. Of all Outfitters or direct from the Makers, or many of Boots' (Silver Dept.) Branches.

Collar Stud, Back of Neck Stud, Dress Stud, Soft Collar Holder, Tie Clip, and Pair Cuff Links. In Fancy Box. **8/- Complete**

Send P.O. 8/- to-day (money returned if not approved)

C. H. COLLINS & SONS, LTD.
(Dept. F), Hockley Hill, BIRMINGHAM

Backward children.

If you have a child that is not thriving, the gre[at] food help that you can give is Benger's.
Benger's Food is always prepared with fresh n[ature's] nature's greatest food for growing children.

BENGER'S FOOD

helps the digestion of the milk; changing it into a highly nutritious food cream which children greatly enjoy.
An extra meal of Benger's twice a day, mid-morning and bed-time, has, by Doctors' recommendation, helped thousands of weakly children to robust health.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

15 BENGER'S FOOD LTD., MANCHESTER.